## THE KING OF THE DEAD.

Last August I was shooting prairie chickens in Southern Kansas. A thunder storm came sweeping out of the northwest. I took shelter in a little roadside inn. Time hanging heavily on me, I fead and reread the county papers that littered the table in the small bar-room parlor. Reading the list of marriages, births and deaths, I found among the latter the name John C. Zalmack, aged thirty-six years. In another column was this announcement:

this announcement:

SUICIDE.—Last night John C. Zalmack returned to his cattle ranch, taking with him a bottle of poisoned whiskey. He had t'swore off," and said that if he found he coald not resist the desire for alcohol he would drink of the poisoned liquor and die. In the morning his dead body lay across his bed.

Sitting by a window watching the fierce storm I musingly repeated the name John C. Zalmack. It sounded very familiar. Questioning the landlord of the inn, I was soon in possession of the little he knew of the history of the dead man, and learned that he was commonly called Jack Zalmack. Instantly the veil lifted from my memory, and brave Jack Zalmack, miner of the Northern Rocky Mountains, stood fourth. I knew him well. Years ago I was among the Geur d'Alene Mountains of Northern Idaho, searching for a mountain of iron one that common repert leasted them.

uncanny objects hovering around my fire or druching under the bushes, waiting for a favorable opportunity to spring upon me. I was neither asleep nor yet awake. While I was resting physically my brain was amusing itself by creating horrors to frighta my body. The days I had spent in the Blackfoot Indian country, where light sleep, wakeful sleep, was the price of my life had tried my nerves severely. I heard the light patter of a wolf's feet, then a quick, sharp sniff behind me. My horse, with loud snorts, ran toward ane. Turning over on my breast, my rife came to my shoulder, and an ounce ball cranhed between the glaring eyes of the black midnight prowler. I arose, rebuilt my fire, and sat waiting for the early dawn of a Northern summer to break. Out from the black abyss at my feet rolled up a volume of cries so fiendish that my blood chilled and little waves of icy coldness chased each other up my spine. With a great ground swell of a chill rolling through me from right to left, I recovered myself, saying "Curse those panthers! What a start they gave me! I have been alone too long. This will not do."

With a final shudder I draw a pair of

they gave me! I have been alone too long. This will not do."

With a final shudder I drew a pair of heavy Cregon blankets around me and sat motionless. Again the cries from the chasm. This time I heard the words: "Help! help! Oh, my God!" I lay down, and with anxious cyes peored into the gloom beneath me. I could see nothing. I heard a voice raised high in piteous appeals, saying: 'Do not strike me. Don't! don't!" Then louder, in despair, shouting: "Help! help! Oh my God!" Then a succession of screams as though some mortal w. onduring the torments of the orthodox hell. I lay listering. My horse stood alongside of me, peering down with wide-opened eyes, his nervous ears cocked forward. At short intervals the cries and appeals for help were repeated. Faint dawn came. Locking into the canon I could see the line of blackness descending lower and lover until the tops of the mighty evergreens at the bottom could be seen, looking like great black domes. Lighter, but still not light enough to clear away the shadows from the bottom of the canon. The pines behind me cast their shadows across the chasm on the red wall of basaltic reck opposite me before I could have a pair of the man, I dismounted, unsadded and led my horse to the river for the life of the man, I dismounted, unsadded and led my horse to the river for water.

The naked man follewer close behind. I found his clothes in a little pile behind a boulder by the river bank. I coaxed him to put them on, which he did, with my assistance. Getting him into his camp, I easily induced him to lie down. Finding the keg to be filled with whisky, which he drank at my request. I gave him whiskey in moderation, and coaxed him to eat a little trout I caught in the river. I worked over him for two days, until he finally slept for a few hours. As soon as he awoke I gave him a little whisky. He was in his right mind, but dreadfully nervous. Two days more passed and he was himself again—emanciated, sore, exhausted, but his nerves were comparatively steady. He atill needed some on

He at once regarded me as a friend and reinforcement, and told me his troubles. Instantly I saw that he was suffering with delicium tremens. He was crazy and, though in his camp, lost. He did not know where his clothes were; did not realize that he was naked. With vivid distinctness he described to me a gigat clad in armor with a bright tie.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 29, 1880. that led into the canon, I remained standing on the verge of the cliff while I thought out the probable lay of the land. To the south the canon narrowed, the country evidently grew more rugged, and the timber thickened. To the north the canon widened, and the walls esemed to be less precipitous. Following the windings of the stream as closely as possible with my eyes, I came to the conclusion that some four or five miles further north if would be possible to descend to the stream; then, by riding up the valley, I could get to the canon of the afflicted miner. While sextling this, I frequently saw the naked man running quickly from tree to tree, or, crouching under the thorn bushes like an animal in fear. Once he anealed to the river, where he picked up a stone. With a cry of combat, he rushed at the tree he had attacked with a shot-gun. As he passed he hurled the rock with great force against its trunk. Running toward the western well of the cabin, he disappeared among the thorn bushes.

Saddling my horse, I rode back into the mountains and slowly picked my way to the north along mountain fanks, over burnt lands where extensive timber fires had raged, causing the unconsumed portions of the trees to fall in a tangle like jack staws. An intense desire to get to this man, to aid him in his imaginary flight, had taken possession of mo. I was no longer hungry or nervous. Pwahing on as rapidly as I could for two hours, I turned and rode weatward toward the canon. I had ridden past its mouth. The precipitous walls broke off abruptly, and with a grand swell curved back into mountain alopes that extended down to the river. Dismountain is ide, and was soon at the stream in the valley. Fording the river and finding a good trail on the other side, I rode rapidly up it on a canter, Arriving at the camp of the miner, I relined in my horse and sat on the animal, anxiously horse and sat on the animal. Anxiously

times for months; then he would feel the speil, the glamour the alcohol cast before it, coming on gradually, taking possession of, and haunting him day and night, luring him to his destruction, Daily he argued with himself, fighting atubbornly over each point, and daily the alcoholic portion of his brain outargued the non-alcoholic. The desire for alcohol grew more intense, and the craving for the poison invariably culminated in an attack that he had no more power to resist than he would have to resist a malaria chill.

We had caught some fish, and ceasing paddling we sat idly in the cance, drifting before a light wind. Zalouck talked very despondently of his fature, dwelling with great bitterness on the mortification he had endured, of the sense of degradation he suffered under. Sitting motionless in the cance, he tried to see his future, talking the while as his imagination pictured painful scenes in the life he had before him. I cheered him as best I could. It vasacase of hereditary disease that I did not believe there was any relief for. During the war I had an army friend, a captain of artillery, who was afflicted with this disease. Worn out with repeated defeats, he, feeling the glamour of alcohol coming on, and having determined not to again endure the deep mortification resultant from a disgraceful spree, went into his quarters at Fort Henry and blew his brains out. Zalmack's case I thought was similar.

The next morning we parted. I agreed

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The next morning we parted. I agreed to be in Missoula on a certain day if possible, and together we were to travel up the Lou Lou Fork of the Bitter Root River. My work would be finished, and we had planned a chicken and deer hunt.

deer hunt.

One bright October day I rode out of the Jocko country. Passing through the Corincan Defile, I descended into the valley of the Missoula. Great flocks of grouse took wing from the grass before me. Fool hens sat stupidly in spruce trees and looked at me. In the distance a threshing machine was loudly humming. I could see the small vertical column of dust rising high above the separator. Farm houses and barns nestled at the base of the hills. Clear, cool water flowed sluggishly in the irrigating ditches. It was the first glimpse of civization I had seen for some months, and I rode along the old Indian trail elated. The fresty air, the rustle of the dry her-I rode along the old Indian trail elated. The frosty air, the rustle of the dry herbage, the leafless trees, and the dark, pine-clad mountains of the Bitter Root Range in the distance all stimulated my lightheartedness. Cantering briskly over the dusty trail I was soon in Missoula. Putting my horse in a stable I walked to the hotel and inquired for my friend. He had been in town a week; had been on a spree, and was then up store suffering with the damnable disease of distillation—delirium tremens.

thanked God that he had no children for it to descend to.

His life in Kausas had been bitterly hard. Having made a little fortune in the placer mines of Montana, he determined to leave the mountains, where he was exposed to many temptations. He came to Kansas, and, buying a herd of cattle, tended them. But the longing, the loud calls made by his diseased brain for alcohol at stated times, could not be resisted. Repeatedly he fell. None knew the struggle, the continual fight, he kept up. Tired, worn out, discouraged, he finally decided to kill himself rather than endure the humiliation resultant from another spree. He did so. Unthinking people called him a drunkard, an outcast. They said he drank hir lift to death—a mistake too commonly made. He was the victim of an hereditary disease beyond the skill of wise physicians.

FRANK WILKESON.

Mr. James Redpath describes in his last letter a ride in the Parish of Islandaddy, in the County Mayo, which he visited in conducting his investigations of the Irish famine for the New York Tribune. He gives a vivid glimpse of the destitution of the Irish peasantry—all the stronger as he makes no effort at picturesque description, but gives rather a catalogue of offects than an artistic picture. We quote:

A SLAP AT THE BLOODY SHIET.

and with an uncarthly cry, he fell back on his pillow, saying, "it takes abage. It is the King of the Dead. It is a gigantic brandy bottle filled with the diseased brains of drunkards."

I endured the scenos this disordered imagination conjured up in quick succession until about 3 colcok. By that time I was so nervous that I really believe that I would have seen the horrible phantoms he caw, if I remained with him a few minutes longer. Unable to endure it, I hastily stepped into the hall and tixed against the door of the room where it is a seen to be successed to the seen and tixed against the door of the room where it is a seen to be seen to be seen the problem of the seen where it is a seen to be seen to

of the Irish famine for the New York Tribune. He gives a vivid glimpse of the destitution of the Irish peasantry—all the stronger as he makes no effort at picturesque description, but gives rather a catalogue of offects than an artistic picture. We quote:

"There were still more dreadful scenes in the cher cabins. I know no farmer in the East or West who keeps his cattle in such foul stables. And yet children and infants, and mothers and stalwart workingmen—not beggars, but honest fellows, willing and eager to work—have been born and reared and married in these dreadful dens, none of them having windows larger than two feet by eighteen inches, and mearly all of them having cows or horses or donkeys in the same room, andivided either by a stone wall or a partition of any kind. Heaps of oozing muck at the doors! The last cabin filled me with dismay. It was dark and dirly and small. There were litt' 'eaps of what is of what the North is expected to believe of the South, but they are so ridiculous as hardly to need contradiction. There is no maltreatment of the colored people, and as for American slavery, look for it in your Northern cites among the army of employees. See your female clerks. They need your sympathy far more than the workers of the rice swamp or the sugar plantation. Find them on Fulton street, Brooklyn; Broadway, New York; Washington street, Boston; Chestnut street, Philadelphia. We want reformation in all these places to protect the weak from tyrantical employers, and we had better begin our charity at home.

"Another impression is that there is an hostility to Northern men who come to the South to settle. The impression is that they are to be ku-kluked or otherwise made uncomfortable. It is a lie. They want all the help they can get from the Mother part of the South to settle. The impression is that they are to be ku-kluked or otherwise made uncomfortable. It is a lie. They want all the help they can get from the Mother part of the South to settle. The impression is that they are to be ku-kluked

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already a large proportion of them have taken at least one step in the right direction—they are using fertilizen; and the application, and or these, with mode application, and or these, with mode application, and or the state of the proportion of the direction of the state peculiary inshility has proved a bar to improvement diested by the coliberate judgment of many planters.

Mr. David Dickson, or direction of Mr. David Dickson, or Groegia, as an illustration of what may be done by a system of improved exists of Groegia, as an illustration of what may be done by a system of improved exists of Groegia, as an illustration of what may be done by a system of improved exists of Groegia, as an illustration of what may be done by a system of improved exists of Groegia, as an illustration of what may be done by a system of improved exists of the ground control, only in the fact that he gives more distance, both to corn and cotton, than was formerly given; that he has used preparation of the ground, cultivated shallower, and with more care for the young plant, especially, than our planter of the ground, cultivated shallower, and with more care for the young plant, especially, than our planter of the ground, cultivated shallower, and with more care for the young plant, especially, than our planter of the ground, cultivated shallower, and with more care for the young plant, especially, than our planter of the ground, cultivated shallower, and with more care for the young plant, especially, than our planter of the ground cultivated shallower, and with more care for the young plant, especially, than our planter of the ground state of the proposal of the ground state of

"There are now in this city some fine specimens of a breed of Angoras never before, save in one case, exported from Turkey. A pair of these animals went last year to Mr. Evan's place in South Africa, of which we have neretofore spoken. The animais now under consideration arrived here a day or two since, in the steamer Dorian, from Constantinople, and were imported by Col. C. W. Jenks. They are to form a part of the famous flock of Mr. Peters, in Georgia. They were brought some hundreds of miles on mule back to the coast from the province Geredeh, in the interior of Asia Minor, The Angoras heretofore received in this country have been from provinces near the coast, and are smaller, with fleeces of four, five and six pennels. The Geredah breed is larger, with fleeces of four, five and six pennels. The Geredah breed is larger, with fleeces eight, ten, twelve, and, in same cases, fifteen pounds in weight, of very fine and silky mohair, a lock of which lies before us, with photographs of animals of this breed. Mr. Jenks informs us —6 he has traversed hundreds of miles in the idue Ridge mountains of North Carolina and Georgia, the altitude, climate and vegetation of which are a traversed to the contraction of which are a traverse of the contraction of which are a traverse of the contraction of gia, the altitude, climate and vegetation of which are a transcript of those of the goat districts of Asia Minor. Thus Mr. Peters and his associates, with this new and most valuable addition to their facilities, propose the recommencement of an ent-prise that has in it not only the growth of a fiber for goods known as mohair, but the product of a staple that, if like the sample before us, will displace raw silk for one-third of its consumption, and grown at one-quarter the price paid for the product of the silk worm, while for the uses referred to, in strength, fine-ness, luster, or other needfall characteris-tics, it is not inferior in any sense. We wish the industry and its promoters great success.—The South, New York.

wer good, practical farmers. I had rented a cortion of the land to white laborated large of excitement and ambition to exce in the quantity of crops to be made. The negrow worked well and made good crops. Some made 300 or 400 bushels of corn to the hand, and some from three to five bales of cotton per capita, besides large quantities of potatoes, and about 200 gallons of syrup in all. We sold large quantities of potatoes, and about 200 gallons of syrup in all. We sold over 700 pounds of dried peaches, besides what was kept for home consumption. They were to furnish their corp provisions, bit by about the middle of June all except two had applied to me for met, and some for corn, and some for both. I referred them to our contract; they acknowledged its terms, but said it took more to a cell them than they hought for they had ear up all their meet, and their money was all gone, too.' I had to mapply them or lose the cropy. I furnished that for the crop was laid by until the time to gather it. They finished gathering, before Christmas."

Mr. R. H. Springer, of Georgia, reports another plan, pursued by himself, as follows: "I employed freedmen, and gare lower and curtairs, soils the mirror and windows, and gives the whole house an untilty air and an unwnoisesome nder."

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The most of the Souther must be an improved system of the state of the

was in the town. Smiley went to the bank and asked of the cashier:

"Have you seen Alexander?"

The cashier replied that he had not seen him, but understood that he was in town.

seen him, but understood that he was in town.

"I am going to kill him before 4 o'clock," exclaimed Smiley, and, turning, left the bank. After leaving the bank, he had not gone far when he met Alexander. The furious aspect immediately assumed by each man illustrated the fact that violence would ensue. Alexander drew a large revolver, and, rushing upon Smiley, struck him over the head.—Smiley staggered back, and drew a French self-cooking revolver, and, with a rapidity almost beyond the capacity of enumeration, fired siz shots at Alexander. Three shots took effect, a ball strikenumeration, fired six shots at Alexander. Three shots took effect, a ball striking each arm and another going through the lungs. Alexander's pistol dropped from his hand. He attempted to recover it, but his right arm had been paralyzed by the ball. He grasped it with his left hand, but the left arm having also been worded, he was unable to cock the wespens. Smiley was upon him. With a coel, desperate presence of mind, Alexander kleked his pistol into a naloon, near which the encounter occurred. Then entering, he stooped and caught the muzile of his pistol with his left hand, raised it of his pisted with his left hand, raised it up, and cocked it with his foot. He lifted the pisted from the floor. Smiley steed outside, peopleg around a door post, with only a part of his head exposed. Alexander nervously lifted the weapon, took deliberate aim and fired. The ball plowed along the post behind which Sr-ley stood, half burying itself, and, atriking Smiley in the forehood, went through his brain. Smiley fell dead, and Alexander, turning, sank from loss of blood.

A large crowd sithemand the arms.

loss of blood.

A large crowd witnessed the encounter, and the greatest of excitement prevailed. The wonder is that several men were not killed, for when Smiley fired the six shots, the sidewalk was crowded with people. The weapons used were not the parlor platols, but the brand intended to kill, almost regardless of distance. One of the balls from Smiley's pistol went through a signboard and buried itself in another. The mark on the door post, made by the ball which killed Smiley is full six feet from the sidewalk. Nine mea out of ten would have escaped, as the deadly missile would have passed barmlessly over.—Little Rock (Ark.) Garsette.